MONSIEUR *RAGOO*;

OR, A

SQUIB

For the grand

F-RE-W-RKS.

A

BALLAD.

1489. d. 36.

By NAHUM JEWS-HARP, Esq;

O Peers of England! *shameful is this* LEAGUE,
Razing the Character of your Renown;
Defacing Monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been. SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
Printed for WILL. WILDFIRE, at the Powder-Mills near *Temple-Bar*.
MDCCXLIX.
(Price Six Pence.)

MONSIEUR *RAGOO*;

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SQUIB for the grand *F-re-W-rks*.

I AM a Man juſt come from *Fraunce-e*,
Vhere ev'ry Creature ſing and dance-e,
To ſee your *Fire-Vark*, ---pratty Fancy!
Doodle, doodle do.

Your *H-ſtages* are but half well-e;
For tho' belac'd, and cramm'd der Belly,
Dey yet look ſheepiſh, I muſt tell ye,
Doodle, doodle do.

Is dis de *Edifice* ſo high-a,
Vhere a mighty Pole Ve ſpy-a,
Round vhich Vhirligigs vill fly-a?
Doodle, doodle do.

Vill fly-a:—Vhy?—To tell your Nation,
So ſtrange is der Infatuation,
Dey wou'd rejoyce,—at der Damnation,
Doodle, doodle do.

Vhy deſe Pictures bright and gay-a?
All deſe *knick-a-knack*, I pray-a?—
Quacks gild Pills, Mankind to ſlay-a,
Doodle, doodle do.

Deſe fine Labours ceaſe not one Day.——
Heathens, vhy not ſtop till *Monday*?——
Satan loves to vork on *Sunday*,
Doodle, doodle do.

Hark! much Inſtruments in Chorus;
Thouſand Trumpets ſound, "*Victorious*,"——
'Cauſe your Conduct is ſo glorious,
Doodle, doodle do.

Now each Thief for Booty rouzes;
To de *Shew*, fled Husbands, Spouſes;
Only Cats to guard de Houſes,
Doodle, doodle do.

Of de *Scaffolds* next be ſpoken.
Huzza, (Surgeons!) Legs are broken.
Fill your Purſe,—by de ſame Token,
Doodle, doodle do.

Shoals

Shoals of Pickpockets are ſtriving
To improve de Arts of thriving;
Like der *Betters* skill'd, —— in Diving.

Doodle, doodle do.

De fam'd *Aix-la-Cha-elle Tr--ey*,
Cut for Rockets, vou'd blaze ſweetly;
Prove you Conjurers compleatly,

Doodle, doodle do.

Den vou'd clear be, as de Sun-a,
Honour, Vealth, how much ye von-a;
Subject for eternal Fun-a,

Doodle, doodle do.

Fun!— for vhom?——For thoſe Vho gain-a;
For ſly *Fraunce*, and haughty *Spain*-a:
De poor *Engliſh*?---'Tis der Bane-a,

Doodle, doodle do.

Poverty's ſad Cry ne'er ceaſing;
Debt and *Taxes* ſtill increaſing;
Naught vill ſoon be left for fleecing,

Doodle. doodle do.

A TH-NKSG-V-NG is preparing,
Dat your K--- may take an Airing,
And de Town be ſet a ſtaring,

Doodle, doodle do.

Diſcord

Diſcord, dis Vay, dat Vay, banding;
Frenchmen in *Tabago* landing,
Prove dis P--CE paſt underſtanding,
Doodle, doodle do.

PE-CE, (*ma foy!*) de like's not found-a,
Tho' Ve travel de Vorld round-a,
Forg'd by *Diables* under-ground-a,
Doodle, doodle do.

Plen-pos who play'd dis new Trick,
'Tis plain dat at Nothing you ſtick;
Like your Friends, vho ſign'd at *Utretcht*,
Doodle, doodle do.

Such a PE-CE ſhall Cannons bellow?
No!--ſtep forth, (thou droleſt Fellow!)
'Tis dy *Pe-ce*, great *Punchinello.*
Doodle, doodle do.

How vilely ſerv'd is your good K—g-a!
Tho' a *Frenchmen*, him I'll ſing-a.—
De *Bro--rs*?—Dat's another Thing-a,
Doodle, doodle do.

FINIS.